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THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1915.

Poor Time to Quit Trying.

Senator Borah tries to array the Irish irrevocably against a league of nations by telling them that it is nothing but a British scheme. He might truthfully have added that it is also an American scheme, a French scheme, an Italian scheme and a scheme which is intended eventually to embrace every civilized nation that is willing to become identified with it. If the senator has a better scheme now is the time to spring it. If not it is a good time to keep his mouth shut.

Uncle Joe Cannon has just finished a scouting tour of the Danville district and he had to admit when he returned to Washington that he found the people back home were pretty strongly in favor of a cure for war. Uncle Joe himself, however, does not believe that there is any cure—at least he is too consistent a politician to see merit in any prescription that has the approval of a Democratic president. "Uncle Joe, Senator Borah and others of their political school are like a good many Rock Islanders who argue that law enforcement in this city isn't possible because it never has been done to any great extent. 'What's the use,' they say, 'of putting candidates on record? They may promise but that is as far as it will ever go. You'll see the same old conditions under the new administration.'"

Fortunately for the nation and for Rock Island there are some who remain optimistic. Even if a thing never has been done it does not necessarily follow that it never can be done. A league of nations may not put an immediate end to wars and efforts to clean up Rock Island may meet with still further setbacks. In neither case, however, is the possibility of failure any excuse to quit trying.

Thompson for Governor.

Suggestion that Floyd E. Thompson of this city, who has taken his seat on the state supreme bench, is good gubernatorial material is made by the Chicago Journal. Political leaders in all parts of the state are taking interest in him as a result of his election April 1 in the face of a substantial numerical advantage in the opposition party. The Journal credits him with "qualities which would bring him support from independents and members of other parties, as well as Democrats."

Mention of his name for even higher political honors is a great compliment to Mr. Thompson, especially coming from a Democratic paper, and is one that it will be well for his friends to bear in mind. For the present, however, it is probable that the new justice will have other matters to attend to and will be well content to remain out of the political arena. He is a young man and already he has won a position of great power and responsibility. The future holds much promise for him if he makes good, of which there is not the slightest doubt. Under the circumstances he can well afford to saw wood and bide his time.

Regulating the Sale of Stills.

Increased popularity of private stills is becoming evident in states that are dry and in others where the people object to the high prices of standard stimulants. Makers of these devices, capable of turning out a few gallons of whisky a day, are said to be doing a thriving business and officers already are combing certain districts in the east, especially in the cities, to check moonshining.

It will be a losing business to allow these stills to be sold and then to hire officers to ferret them out after they are set up and in

operation. A better plan would be to undertake control of the industry at the source. This could be done by licensing manufacture and requiring all sales to be registered. This method would make it easier to trace stills to the ultimate purchaser and some revenue might be secured to help defray the cost of regulation. A moonshine outfit is as dangerous as pocket firearms and 99 times out of 100 will cause infinitely more trouble. Most states make a pretense of restricting the sale of revolvers. Why not whisky stills?

The Victory Loan.

It is only a few days before the drive for the fifth Victory Liberty loan begins. We do not know what amount will be asked for, or the date of maturity, but we do know these things:

The campaign will open April 21 and will close May 10.

The official treasury department circular, offering Victory Liberty loan notes, will be numbered 138 and will be dated April 21.

Payments will be required as follows: Ten per cent with application—on or before May 10.

Ten per cent July 15.

Twenty per cent Aug. 12.

Twenty per cent Sept. 9.

Twenty per cent Oct. 7.

Twenty per cent Nov. 11, with accrued interest on deferred installments.

The dimensions of the Victory Liberty loan notes to be issued will be: For coupon notes: unfolded, 9 3/4 x 9 3/4, folded 3 3/4 x 7 1/2. For registered notes: unfolded, 6 3/4 x 10 1/2, folded 3 3/4 x 6 3/4.

We know also that the subscribing of this loan is going to be the biggest financial undertaking this country has seen since the war began, which means the biggest in our history. Real Americans who mean to do their duty and see what they have started through to the finish will find sufficient data here to use as a basis for planning their parts in the undertaking.

It was a fine thing for Premier Clemenceau to do to intercede for the life of Emile Cottin, who tried to assassinate him, and secure commutation of sentence to 10 years' imprisonment. It was not done for political effect, for the premier is an old man and probably will not again ask preferment. By the time Cottin has served his term likely Clemenceau will have passed from life's activities. That thought may have had something to do with the appeal for lenience—that and the reflection that his assailant probably was only a poor, weak-minded tool selected by others for the accomplishing of a sinister purpose.

Lieutenant Fontan, the French aviator who made his second start for a flight across the Atlantic from Africa to Brazil, has five consecutive jumps before him ranging in length from 750 to 1,400 miles, each one of which will constitute a feat of note in aviation in the present stage of development. One doesn't need a long pencil to figure his chances of success. Argentine republic has refused permission to one of its military attaches to undertake the flight. That shows what they think in South America of the outlook of getting safely across.

Patrons of the drama, silent as well as legitimate, will feel sorrow over the death of Sidney Drew. The Drew comedies have earned a reputation as the cleanest and most wholesome of any now appearing on the screen and a vein of domesticity runs through them that is refreshing and unique in the modern drama. If there were more Sidney Drews there would be less need for movie censors.

There's nothing slow about New Jersey, where the legislature is in the act of adopting legislation to authorize Atlantic City to buy land and erect buildings to house the headquarters of the league of nations if it should happen to come to this side of the Atlantic looking for a home. It's a good thing to have a lightning rod up when there's a storm brewing.

It used to be that they didn't begin boosting the price of coal till the first of September and now they begin in May. And they used to back up a pace or two before taking the jump, but they don't do it any more. "Upward and onward" is the motto of the coal business nowadays.

More professional burglars have been arrested by the local police. Now we'll see whether the county jail will hold them.

Chords and Discords

AGRICULTURAL ARIETAS.

(A Taylor Ridge woman finds that music will make the hens lay more eggs, and a doctor has discovered that flowers are sensitive to music.)

Now the ever gay commuter Can become a little cuter, Have the time of all his life, Throw away his pruning knife, Make the bushful buds shoot By performing on the flute, Woo the roses, red and yellow, With a tune upon the 'cello, Charm the immature tomato With a cornet obligato, Cheer the cabbages' dejection With a piccolo selection, Warble madrigals and glees To appreciative peas.

Digging, watering are archaic, Out of fashion and prosaic, Don't in future seek the aid Of the trowel and the spade! Till the garden right along With the latest comic song, While your most immediate neighbors Excrete your tuneless labors.

These almost daily flowers are doing wonders to the grass. In fact it has responded so heartily that the lawn has already reached a threatening stage. We say threatening because the chances are at least a hundred to one that we are going to be forced to begin our yearly wrestle with the lawnmower very shortly.

OH, EVERY OFFICE HAS THEM.

Sir: The note you printed as left on your desk by "Op" of the nearby desk, in which that gentleman gave you such explicit instructions regarding the manner in which you should operate his mill, appealed to me strangely. Yes, I think "Op" must be a "nice, pleasant cuss," as you say, for K. J. S., the head stenographer of this office, is apparently built along the same lines, and when I occasionally pass up my Olivetti to use her Remington, I get a call down similar to the one "Op" handed you. E. F.

"Barber, 55, Recalls Shaving for a Nickel."—Headline! Ah, but like all of the cheap prices one hears about, it's only a memory.

Add Modern Improvements.

(Otterville, Mo., Mail.)

The Mail folks are making some improvements to their residence. We are putting up a Jerico in front and degrading the road from the house to the street, so we can treat our friend more hostile. Come and see us.

A Chicago Tribune headline says: "Aldermen Want \$10,000,000 Gas Still Pressed." We're not saying a word.

It Seems Mrs. Looze Was Tight.

(From "The Day in Davenport").

Lying flat on her back on the sidewalk near Federal and East River streets, Mrs. H. C. Looze successfully withstood the onslaughts of Patrolman Al Sanford and Leo Ceurvorst with her feet Monday evening. Biting and gouging with her teeth and fingernails, kicking meanwhile with her feet, and shrieking at the top of her lungs, Mrs. Looze succeeded in attracting quite a crowd of interested male spectators in police court yesterday. She was sentenced to 30 days in the county jail on a charge of intoxication.

A. K. E. says Java has spiders that make webs so thick it requires a knife to cut them. That, as Lubian said, is nothing. We have smoking reporters right here in the office who make the air that thick.

THE JULY 1 QUESTION.

Sir: Please list me as another voting against the announced sentiments of B. R. who opposes your program of giving July 1 and its sinister meaning the fullest publicity. H. G. G.

The vote on the July 1 question now stands: For.....2 Against.....1

The tension at the peace conference, which we are hearing so much about, strikes us as being almost identical with the tension the a. c. tired business man works under.

How Thompson Won Moline.

(From the Moline Dispatch.)

In the Floyd E. Thompson political advertisement that appeared in the Dispatch the day before the election of last week Tuesday, Mr. Thompson's name was spelled with an e, making it Thompson. Mr. (now justice) Thompson at once wrote a card of thanks to the Dispatch, saying: "You will note that you spelled my name in pure Norwegian. No chance to lose Moline with such cooperation from the Dispatch."

The French press and people are reported as being considerably agitated because President Wilson has ordered his ship rushed to France to take him home and also because the Americans appear to take especial delight in the fact that he has taken such action.

Why the peevishness? Whose president is he, anyway?

O. D. K.

HEALTH TALKS BY WILLIAM BRADY M.D.

NOTED PHYSICIAN AND AUTHOR

Prophylaxis of Hay Fever.

So-called hay fever is due to different pollen in different cases. Dr. J. L. Goodale has studied some 330 cases of hay fever, of which 90 were caused by the pollens of various grasses, 237 by ragweed pollen, five from maple, four from rose, three from oak, one from willow, and five from birch. Of these 330 cases 123 have received desensitizing prophylactic treatment prior to the arrival of the hay fever season or upon the annual return of the ailment, and of the cases so treated seven showed no improvement, 46 showed improvement as compared with previous experiences of the patients but still had troublesome symptoms, 59 cases showed marked improvement, and five patients had no return of the hay fever at all for two years.

The immunity or partial immunity conferred on the hay fever sufferer by desensitizing pollen extract injections is only temporary, lasting not many weeks. Therefore the prophylactic treatment must be administered each season. It is best begun some ten weeks prior to the time of year in which the symptoms usually develop in a given case, though good effects may be obtained later or even after the annual attack has developed.

Dr. Goodale has found that an injection of one to three minims of a one-fortieth solution of extracts of the following pollens gives satisfactory results: Willow, poplar, maple, birch, oak, grass, rose and ragweed. (These pollens are commonly responsible in this country for hay fever, but other pollens would undoubtedly be more effective in other parts of the country.)

The first injection causes in nearly all cases a local reaction at the point of injection, a swelling an inch in area more or less, lasting several days. This reaction is an exceedingly encouraging sign, indicating that the specific caustic pollen extract has been selected for the treatment. The dose is doubled the second time and the interval between injections are usually four or five days, though smaller injections may be given advantageously if the hay fever has already begun. From six to fifteen injections are generally required. A large proportion of hay fever sufferers are not aware of the free of symptoms in the course of a week or ten days, whereas the at-

tack ordinarily would last six weeks. Such treatment is at least harmless in any case. It is always available from any physician anywhere. It is not more expensive than other treatment and it offers more than a fair promise of relief or complete freedom from an ailment which certainly makes the victim miserable while it lasts.

Questions and Answers.

Coddling the Baby—My baby is a year old and I still nurse him. I feed him also, cereals, soft boiled eggs, bread or crackers with butter. But he won't rest till he gets his nursing. Please tell me how to wean him. MRS. R. W. D.

Answer—Every baby should be weaned before he is old enough to vote. The way to wean a baby is to give him one less breast feeding each day for about a week, and then no more under any circumstances. The customary troubles with the breast are avoided by a very strict let-alone policy; that is, let no one persuade you to pump, rub, or otherwise treat the breast; never apply anything purporting to "dry it up." Apply a comfortably snug bandage or brassiere; take a single dose of salts or any other saline cathartic; and on no pretext touch or disturb the breast. Nature will not brook interference here.

The Rod a Good Remedy—Is there any treatment a mother may secretly administer to a boy of 16 who has become a victim of the cigarette habit? MRS. F. C. L.

Answer—I should be glad to send you or him suggestions to aid in overcoming the habit. He must overcome it if he is ever to amount to anything. No one can trust a cigarette smoking boy.

Well, Dad's Right for Once—My father claims the pores are for excretion only, but I claim that one breathes not only through the nose and mouth but also through the pores. I claim also that medicinal applications to the skin are taken up through the pores, and that water can be taken in this way, too. W. S. G.

Answer—Dad's contention is correct, and yours is wrong. "Pores" are the mouths of the ducts or excretory tubes of sweat and oil glands. Nothing is taken up through these glands, neither medicine nor water nor air.

I tried to forget her, but I love her more than ever. I met her once, but she only smiled and spoke as if I were a mere acquaintance. I feel as if I can never give her up now, but I don't know whether I should write her telling her I am sorry. She is of a forgiving nature, seeing only the good in every one. What shall I do? I want your best advice. J. C.

Write to the girl and tell her how much you love her and that you never can forget her. Also ask her forgiveness. You might also say:

The Day in Davenport

Military Training Here—Military training to become a part of the curriculum of the Davenport high school. The board of education Tuesday approved the plan and accepted the offer of the war department to organize a junior unit of the reserve officers' training corps in the high school. The work of existing high school students will start immediately and it is planned to organize a corps of at least 200, and possible 300 students.

Islander in Collision—An automobile owned by James Fox, 1927 Eleventh avenue, Rock Island, was wrecked by another machine bearing Illinois license plates No. 213, 009 at Third and Ripley streets at midnight Tuesday night. Mr. Fox was driving north on Ripley street, and the other car, it is alleged, was shooting east on Third street about 35 miles an hour. They collided at the corner. The Fox machine was wrecked, but the other one, apparently undamaged, continued on its dash down Third street and disappeared. The police are searching for it today. No one was injured.

Find Booze in Case—The fact that A. M. Johnson, prominent stockman of near Bode, Iowa, is a heavy drinker led to his arrest in Davenport Tuesday night. Johnson was returning from Chicago, where he had taken a load of cattle. He was flush with money. On the train home he fell asleep, and all the efforts of the conductor were fruitless to awaken him. A special Rock Island road detective took him off by main force in Davenport, and he was lodged in the city jail over night. Four quarts of whisky were found in his suitcase by the police. He pleaded guilty.

More Whisky Found—Nine pints of whisky hidden in an empty case, of which the owner was charged, was found in the trunk of a car belonging to Daniel H. Wallace lecture, completed the serving of a 30-day sentence in the Scott county jail yesterday and was released after turning over to the government Davenport property value of \$1,500 to apply on his fine of \$3,000 and costs imposed last fall by Judge Martin J. Wade in federal court. The property is encumbered by a mortgage for \$1,000.

Place Rent Prices—Price of rents in the McManus tract of government land in connection with the Daniel H. Wallace lecture, completed the serving of a 30-day sentence in the Scott county jail yesterday and was released after turning over to the government Davenport property value of \$1,500 to apply on his fine of \$3,000 and costs imposed last fall by Judge Martin J. Wade in federal court. The property is encumbered by a mortgage for \$1,000.

Obituary Record—Mrs. Lilla McAlister Liley died at the home of her sister, Mrs. W. L. Heyniger, 1114 Fourth street, Tuesday evening after a lingering illness of one year. Mrs. Liley was the widow of Charles A. Liley, who died 11 years ago. During their married life they made their home in Atlanta, Ga. Since the death of her husband, she made her home with her sister, Mrs. W. L. Heyniger.

Mrs. Loreda Allen, formerly of Muscatine but a resident of Davenport since last October, died at her home, 1062 Arlington avenue yesterday, after a week's illness of pneumonia. She was 35 years old.

Property as Fine—Charles Wiese, who pleaded guilty to violating the espionage act in connection with the Daniel H. Wallace lecture, completed the serving of a 30-day sentence in the Scott county jail yesterday and was released after turning over to the government Davenport property value of \$1,500 to apply on his fine of \$3,000 and costs imposed last fall by Judge Martin J. Wade in federal court. The property is encumbered by a mortgage for \$1,000.

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Sketches From Life BY TEMPLE



"One A. M. and All Is Well"

Heart and Home Problems by MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a returned soldier. Before leaving for camp I was keeping company with a woman whom I loved more than life. I am of an age to know it was no passing fancy.

I have often planned for her to be mistress of my home and she has always returned my love. After going to camp, a comrade, a friend of both, went through my mail and wrote her that I had told him things that she would not like told. This absolutely is not so. Life also said that I let him read her letters to me, which was not so. To make matters look worse, he mailed two of her letters to me back to her, signing his name, "A Friend."

She answered his letters in a friendly manner, still believing in me. Then he showed me her letters to him and I wrote her a very insulting letter, telling her I never wanted to see or hear from her again. She begged forgiveness. She said she did not care to make an enemy of our friend, but I would not forgive her.

I tried to forget her, but I love her more than ever. I met her once, but she only smiled and spoke as if I were a mere acquaintance. I feel as if I can never give her up now, but I don't know whether I should write her telling her I am sorry. She is of a forgiving nature, seeing only the good in every one. What shall I do? I want your best advice. J. C.

Write to the girl and tell her how much you love her and that you never can forget her. Also ask her forgiveness. You might also say:

I think now he is home, but he has not been out to see me yet. I think he came back about a week ago. In his letters he seemed to think quite a lot of me and also wanted to see me and come to see me. Do you think he does care for me? If he does, wouldn't he have been out to see me before this?

A girl friend told me she had been engaged to another girl, but I hardly believe he is. Besides she does not mention it any more.

BRIGHT EYES. The family of a returned soldier has been demanding upon his time, and very often it is impossible for him to look up his own interests for two or three weeks.

I think if you wait the soldier will come back to you. Do nothing, however, to burn him or to give him the impression that you are anxious.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

to sauce. Often the cheese is omitted in making the sauce and served over the top when the dish is served at the table. Spaghetti is often cooked in a large pot and then turned into a smaller one to be cooked in the hand and dip ends in boiling salted water; as the spaghetti cools it will bend and may be coiled under the water.

TODAY'S BEST RECIPES.

Peanut Butter Biscuit—Two cups flour, one tablespoon butter or oil or shortening, three teaspoons baking powder, one-half teaspoon salt, one tablespoon peanut butter, milk.

Sift dry ingredients, rub in shortening and peanut butter. Add milk in center of ball, knead. Arrange border of rice potato around them. Sprinkle cheese over entire dish. Serve at once.

Boiled Macaroni—Four eggs, one cup white sauce, six boiled potatoes, one-half cup grated cheese. Cook eggs in boiling water; cover, remove heat, stand two hours. Eggs will be hard cooked but tender. Shell eggs. With silver knife cut in halves, then slice both yolks and whites into small pieces. Add eggs to one cup of white sauce. Mix in center of hot platter. Arrange border of rice potato around them. Sprinkle cheese over entire dish. Serve at once.

Macaroni With White Sauce—Cook eggs for boiled macaroni, and reheat in white sauce. Grated cheese may be added to this sauce for variation.

Baked Macaroni With Cheese—Put a layer of boiled macaroni in an oiled baking dish. Cover with sauce, sprinkle with grated cheese, add a second layer of macaroni and cheese. Pour over this white sauce, cover with a thin layer of crumbs and bake in a moderate oven until crumbs are brown.

Macaroni With Tomato Sauce—Prepare as for baked macaroni with cheese, but substitute tomato sauce for the white sauce. In preparing the tomato sauce a different flavor is given by cooking onion in the fat before adding the flour and tomato. Green peppers cut fine are also an addition. Should there be on hand a small amount of left over meat this may be added to give variety.

Spaghetti—May be cooked in any way in which macaroni is cooked, but it is usually served with tomato sauce.

Discoveries. Changing the Water two or three times will keep potatoes in the cooking dark, which happens so easily to old potatoes at this time of year. If they have been frost-bitten this will improve them.

To Prevent Molds—Put pure or other articles in a muslin bag which has been dipped into a green dye. Moths will not attack green material.

A broom supporter made of spoons is a simple and convenient device. Screw two large empty spoons high up in the middle of a door, just far enough apart to allow the handle of the broom to slip in. The broom part rests on the spoons.

To Mend Enamelware—Take equal parts soft putty, finely sifted sand, and a little turpentine. Mix all together. Cover holes with a little water in it on the stove and let set. It is hard. This never fails and is as hard as the enamel itself.

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

THE SECRET ROOM.

By Eugene Waldron.

(Copyright, 1915, by Western Newspaper Union.)

A host of lovers came to pretty Vesta Brill when it became known that Albert Winsted, the queer old hermitlike oddity of Brompton, had left his entire fortune. He had subsisted for ten years alone in an old mansion still pointed out as the show place of the little town.

The strange change in his ways had come after he had been abroad for a year. Rumor was that he had wedded a native princess in India. She had died and her loss, it was said, had broken his heart. There was a story about that he had brought back from India a portrait or statue, depicting the woman he had loved and lost, and that one room in the house was devoted to her as a sort of shrine.

Alford Marston, a young lawyer, was named as the executor of the estate. It was he who appeared at the modest, pleasant home of Vesta one evening and informed her of the rare good fortune she had little expected.

The acquisition of wealth did not spoil her simple, wholesome gentleness. Her parents, however, became all affairs with ambitious dreams, and a flock of fortune-seeking young men at once became persistent callers at the Brill home.

One auspicious day the fabric of

parental ambitions, as of suitor dreams, was rent and shattered. Marston appeared at the Brill home and said he had discovered intelligence to impart. He found Vesta alone and the friendly warmth of her greeting stirred him considerably.

"Miss Brill," he said, "I have news for you scarcely agreeable, but it is necessary that I tell you of the same. When I went over to the old home of Mr. Winsted I found nothing but a few worn-out sticks of furniture. In his safety deposit box at the bank there was a mass of papers that turned out to be mostly receipts for costly jewels, trappings and other expensive oriental fabrics, but no securities or other resources. There is apparently not a vestige left of the large fortune he was supposed to possess."

"I am not the rich heiress I have been supposed to be," said Vesta simply, and actually with a smile.

"You seem reconciled," observed Marston.

"And relieved," added Vesta briefly. "I shall be glad to get back to my own humble, ordinary self. It will be a test of the friendship of my innumerable new friends and it will dissipate the extravagant visions of my parents."

"So it was all over. The bubble of wealth had burst and Vesta was left with a nobody." Swiftly her suitors deserted her, and although

her mother suffered a severe disappointment, gradually her dreams of luxury and social eminence faded. To his amazement Marston had discovered that the old mansion was mortgaged for two-thirds of its value. He began negotiations with a city agent who was looking for a building suitable for a small sanitarium. He called upon Vesta frequently to report progress and the companionship became a source of pleasure to both.

At the end of two months Marston told Vesta of his love for her and they became engaged. They were taking a stroll one afternoon when he remarked:

"I am going to look over the old mansion. It is all that is left of the estate. I understand that the neighborhood boys have been making it a target for the slugs, and as you may eventually get a few hundred dollars out of it we must keep the property in as good condition as possible."

Marston let himself into the house, and as they passed through the chill, gloomy apartments Vesta clung to him with an eerie sense of weirdness. Finally they came to the solitary room old Albert Winsted had occupied for so many years.

"Why, that is strange!" abruptly exclaimed Marston. "Some missile thrown through the window had struck the wall in one corner of the room. It had

left a gaping orifice, and beyond it showed an open space, and, peering, Marston made out what suggested a secret room. Probing, he found that the false bit of wall pasted over was really a door. He opened this and he and Vesta stood enthralled, gazing upon a presentment that fairly amazed them.

The room had no windows and its contents were visible only because of the light streaming through the secret doorway. At one end was a dais with a gorgeous canopy. Seated in a chair of state on the dais was a figure, dusty but beautiful of face, richly appareled. Before this evident countenance presented of the princess bride of old Albert Winsted were vases, salvers, dishes, filled with gold, diamonds and gems of all descriptions.